# in the Third Year

arren Breaks Into an Empty Shop and Rescues a Starving Kitten

### MABEL HERBERT URNER.

was an empty basement shop. A faded red and white nois and half-erased lettering lowed that the last tenant had showed that the been a barber, window was smeared over some, as is the custom in empty to keep the passerby from the barrenness and dirt

these details Helen did not she saw only the head of gitten Iring against the glass chich it had rubbed off enough some to be seen. There was ing in the way the kitten lay ade her hurry down the steps wited.

dead? Helen tapped against it dead? Issuen tapped against
ass, but there was no motion,
oped again with the metal class
purse. This time its eyes half
and it raised its head. But
t tried to struggle to its feet
back weakly with a sound-

in shook the door, but it was do of course. She went back and through the clear place of the red window into the empty. There were a few hoards, some shelving, a broken chair, and rubbish in a corner—nothing

rubbish in a corner—nothing rain she tarned on the window stain the kitten raised its head leoked at her piteously, but this made no effort to stand low could she get it out? She ran to the next door, a dingy lock-th shen. An old man was filing lev. He could hardly speak Engand only shrugged his shoulders her excited questions. Fee didn't know anything about the or the empty shop. Didn't rember how long it had been vant. And when Helen asked franally for the janitor or caretaker, answered sullenly that there m't any. The grating sound of the und the man's indifference was than she could stand.

a the other side was a cheap saShe couldn't go in there. She
ed around in despair. It was a
neighberhood, mostly Italians,
had come over in search of the
where Mrs. Stevens bought her
soil. And it was in looking for
riace that Helen had chanced to
this wretched little kitten.
hat could she do? The kitten
the staten out at once, or it
ild be too late. Even now it might
the weak to live
now a little was none in sight. She
up to the next corner and then
to the next, but there was still
officer. She hurried on still antiplick and then saw one furon in the center of the street,
then the rushed up to him and
tilleady told her story, he anred stolidly:

arry, maken, but I can't leave

sthesaw told her story, he annead stolidly:

Sorry, ma'am, but I can't leave
best. I guess the cat ain't stary
I'll get all the rats it wants."

Jh but if's a little tiny kitten!

toe young to catch rats."

srely indignant. Helen started
to the empty shop. On the way
passed a drug store with a farate the telephone sign. For a

sant she paused uncertainly bethe door, and then entered dehedly. The phone was on a

ar in the rear. Quickly she
is to Warren.

Lar. are you very busy?" she

are you very busy?" she ritedly. I'm not exactly twirling my

b, couldn't you come up here?

se wretched little kitten locked
empty shop. It's so weak it
eland! I can't get anybody to
me get it out! Oh, CAN'T you

are my work on some wild chase for a stray cat? What us take me for?"

but Warren if you could only the last and so pitfful—it tries to itself to its feet and then falls and looks at me so piteously. With a sob in her voice. "think at poor little thing being shut lite for days without food or I And it's so helpless! Oh, if oot come, with a sob. "I don't what I'll do. I can't leave it like that."

was a pause and then he said

wire glways letting your feel-nun away with you. But I sup-l might as well leave now is this place?"

with Helen told him where it and that the elevated would him within a couple of blocks, that she would wait there until

me what on earth are you doing it heighborhood?"

by dear. I came over to look hat place where Mrs. Stevens hat place had been been as the thought coursed to him, "if that place by it must be to let, why you telephone to the agent? It must be to let, why you telephone to the agent? It name on the sign?"

It isn't any sign. It's a lithuilding and there isn't any or caretaker, or anything. Oh." asly, "Warren, you just SAID come."

there's nothing to get work-about" as he detected tears voice. "If I said I'd come, I there in twenty minutes."

#### to the Rescue.

what Warren could do when come. Helen did not know, but sure that somehow he would kliten out. She went back the before the shon. The maxing by her gazed at her F. At length she caught sight from striding up the street, she ran to meet him and him down to the shop win-

that IS a weak little begathe stooned down and peered the clear space in the glass.

an outrage. Where's the He turned and shook it.

Then with a curt. "You are," he strode into the lock-shop.

evidently, his interview with man was no more satisfac-an had been Helen's, for he out with an angry:

you say there's no policethe nearest one is five blocks and he won't leave his beat" I. I'm not going to fool around I'm going to get that kitten and there's only one way to do tre, hold this." He thrust his a her hand and crammed his in his rocket.

her hand and crammed his in his pocket.

Warren, you're not going to open the door?" as he put his er against it.

thing eise to do. I'll have this wold door open in a jiffy," the people who own it—oh, won't you get into trouble?" few dollars for a new lock, they can't do more than that." the abarp wrench he had the pen.

dis time a small crowd had d, but no one made any ef-help or to interfere. It took moment for Helen to dart in

### Married Lite The Adventures of Cupid



#### His First Steps. From the Man's Heart to the Woman's.

#### BY BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

IT is difficult," sang Longfellow, "to know at what moment Love begins; it is less difficult to know that it has begun.'

A modern writer declares Love to be "the despair of philosophers and sages, the rapture of poets, the confusion of cynics, and the warrior's defeat." Furthermore, t has become the prevailing theme of the novelist. Almost every story is a Love story, and the adventures of Cupid are told on all the pages.

and pick up the kitten and bring it out, carrying it very tenderly. "Now, where s the nearest place to get milk?" Warren asked briskly.

get mist warren asked briskly.

"I think I saw a delicatessen in
the block above."

The delicatessen was small and
smelly, but there was a stout, goodnatured looking woman behind the

counter.
"Can we get a saucer of milk" de-manded Warren. "This kitten's about starved—we found it down the

The woman got out a bottle of milk and poured some in a wooden

As Helen put the kitten on the floor to drink it, the woman gave a startled,

startled,
"Why, that's—that's Minnie's kitten. Where'd yer find it?"
Helen explained about the empty
shop and then the woman told them
the kitten had been missing for over
two weeks and they thought it had
been stolen.

been stolen.

"Minnie, Minnie," she called. "Come and see what's here!"

A little girl of about 10, very pretty and very dirty, came running in from a room at the back. As soon as she saw the kitten, which was weakly lapping the milk, she knelt down beside it with a joyous cry.

When a little later Helen and Warren left the shop, Helen slipped her hand through his arm and pressed close against him.

"Oh, didn't it all come out beautifully? To think we could get that poor

"Oh, didn't it all come out beautifulle? To think we could get that poor
little kitten out of there and into
its own home! Oh, it was DEAR
of you to come! You're always so
good to animals, and you—"

"Nonsense," interrupted Warren,
who always hated praise. "Here,
you'll have to hustle if we get this
car."

The Great Commoner

By REV. T. B. GREGORY.

T was one hundred and fifty-five years ago, April 17, 1757, that

King George of England, egged on by

those whose vanity and selfishness

exceeded their love of country, dis-missed from office William Pitt, first Earl of Chatham, and known to im-mortality as the "Great Commoner." The 17th of April might have gone

Earl of Chatham, and known to immortality as the "Great Commoner."

The 17th of April might have gone down into history as one of the most disastrous dates in the whole story of the English race, but as things turned out, the threatening evil was happily averted and Pitt was soon back again, filling with more than his old-time power the place from which he had been elected.

Dr. Johnson declared one day, "Walpole was a minister given by the king to the people, but Pitt was a minister given by the people to the king." It was even so, and when the grouty old king pushed Pitt aside the people demanded his reinstatement.

There are times when it is more or less difficult to say whether the people do or do not desire the return to power of an ex-official—we have liad such instances in our own country—but there was no doubt about the fact that the people of England wers calling for Pitt. They called with such force and unanimity that the king trembled on his throne, and while he was still trembling Pitt was again in the saddle.

It is impossible here not to recall the words of Macaulay: "The situation which Pitt occupied at the close of the reign of George the Second was the most enviable ever occupied by any public man in English history. He had conciliated the king; he domineered over the house of commons; he was admired by all Europe; he was the first Englishman of his time, and he had made England the first country in the world. The great commoner might look down with scorn on coronats and garters."

Pitt's return to power was coincident with one of the most thrillingly serious periods of modern history—the period of the great duel between France and England for supremacy on the North American continent.

To the duke of Devonshire Pitt said: "My lord. I am sure that I can save this country, and that nobody else can." Given the opportunity he more than made good, and the great and growing Dominion of Canada and the might United States of

The picture above represents him taking his first step. Uncertain of the strength in his little fat legs, he wab bles and would fall if not supported by the strong arms of the man who is sending him with a message of Love to the

girl who has arms outstretched to receive him. "The Adventures of Cupid" are told in a series of nictures by Nell Brinkley.

Would you follow the adventures of this little Loveimp who is going from the heart of the man to seek admittance in the heart of the maid?

If you would you need not be ashamed to confess it If you are not interested in Cupid's adventures, if the sighs of rapture and longing attending him awaken no kindred emotion in your breast, then you are not a living, loving

By Nell Brinkley

You are simply a casket for a rusty piece of mechanism called a heart.

All that Love does to mortals, whather they welcome or flaunt him, is told in the picture series of "The Adven-

## The Poetry of Pearls

#### MITH every rising of the sun Think of your life as just begun. The past has shrived, and buried deep All yesterdays; there let them sleep, Nor seek to summon back one ghost Of that innumerable host. Concern yourself with but Today; Woo it, and teach it to obey Your wish and will; since Time began Today has been the friend of man But in his blindness and his sorrow He looks to yesterday and tomorrow. You and Today, a soul sublime

And the great pregnant hour of time;

With God between to bind the twain,

TO THE DERELICTS

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

Go forth, I say. Attain, Attain! ASSING through our city parks in any of the large cities of America is oftimes a painful experience to a sympathetic

man or woman.

Because of the human derelicts, washed ashore by the waves of misfortune to be found in these places. It is in the city parks on free benches where the unemployed and the poor convalescents from the charity hospitals pass their rime. The faces of these people (our brothers and sisters) are studies in the expressions of melancholy, despair, worry, sions of melancholy, despair, worry, hatred and sorrow.

There is scarcely an emotion in the sad list of human feeling which may not be seen upon some countenance in a walk through these parks on a

The part alcohol plays in the lives of the human race is too evident

here.
But instead of lessening our sympathy this only leads us to question, what led or drove these poor creatures to stimulants?

what led ar drove these poor creatures to stimulants?

Perhaps that old man yonder with the intelligent face, despite its rummarred condition, had worked faithfully for some minor business house during a score or more years; and then the trust came along, and the minor business house, was absorbed, and the place this man had grown to think his own by right of industry was given to the son or the son-in-law of the trust owner.

After that he tried to obtain employment elsewhere and found that every employer wanted a younger man,

Man,
And slowly his courage and hone died out of his heart; and one day he took a stimulant, just to brace himself over a mood of despondency. And now he sits in the park and waits for the free coffee and bread hour.

That woman with the red nose and bleary eyes; one can see she was pretty fifteen years ago. How did it all begin?

With hard work and poor wages, and contemplation of the other wom-en who rode by in their employer's carriage, perhaps. And with the understanding of the

America are today his imperishable America are today his imperishable memorials.

With a genius and energy unprecedented in the annals of administrative effort he wrenched from the grasp of France a mighty continent, the fairest of the earth, and handed it over to the people who were to dedicate it for all time to liberty and true progress.
As Americans we cannot afford to

As Americans we cannot afford to forget the great commoner. A democrat to the core, and in his heart of hearts a sincere lover of the things that are just and right, he stood by us in our strongle with his king and told that king to his face that he could not conquer America, and that he was glad that he could not conquer it. Not even Washington loved our cause more devotedly than did William Pitt, the first earl of Chatham.

jungles and abysees to which the easy road to sin leads for a woman.

After she found out drink gave her
the only forgetfulness of her deprav-

If every one of these human wrecks stranded in the city parks knew the power they have in their own minds, they could bring themselves out of Hell and enter Heaven.

It would take time: it would require practice; it would necessitate patience.

Yet would not the result pay for the effort?
Should this meet the eye of any suffering soul sitting in the park to-day, dwelling on miserable thoughts of failure and mistakes, of wrongs of failure and mistakes, of wrongs and injustice, let him begin now and at once to try the experiment of building himself a Portable Heaven.

Let him go back in memory to the best and happiest hours of his life. And let him think of himself as just beginning life all over again. Put away every unhappy and despairing recollection.

Bring to the surface of the memory every bright and beautiful event. Picture life as it might be to bring happiness.

happiness.
Ask for guidance and light, to find Ask for gunance and light, to fine the way to materialize these pictures And let every moment of time no used in active efforts for self-sup-port, be employed in these menta pictures of happiness, health, suc-cess and usefulness. Every such thought is a particle of mind substance which goes into the forming of a foundation for the Port-able Heaven to be enjoyed right here on earth by the persistent toller in the invisible.

on earth by the persistent toller in the Invisible.
You who have gone for months or years in the old way of worry and doubt and misery and failure must see that it is a road which leads you nowhere but to deeper misery. It is destructive mental power which you are using. Turn now and try CON-STRICTIVE thought.
It is not too late to build your Portable Heaven.
It is not too late for you to make a success of your life.
Set to work in the right way; Create what you desire.
The material is yours if you wish to employ it.

The material is yours if you wish to employ it.
However difficult your situation, however hopeless your outlook, do not waste one moment more in thinking upon your condition in that light. You have accomplished nothing so fat by such thoughte. However undist the world seems to you, put all such destructive thoughts away and begin to reconstruct your life on a new foundation. Once you set about it, astonishing things will happen.

Not at once, but gradually will

Not at once, but gradually will changes occur which seem today im-possible to you.

You are master of your own mind Compel it, then, to think only th thoughts than can build you a heav en to carry about with you wher ever you go. Seek ye first the kingdom of heaven. And all other things shall be added BY MRS. ERIC PRITCHARD.

honor and their virtue for the attainment of single pearls, more often for ropes or chains of pearls.

On the other hand, history relates

that pearls have been cast away by the

nature, origin and significance. vorite legendary belief was that they were crystallized drops of dew or rain, a mode of origin with more poetry in product of disease, and can be pro-duced more or less at will by artificial damage inflicted on the living sub-stance of the young oyster. But in spite of their somewhat morbid origin, there is plenty of pleasure to be de-rived from the possession or the con-rived from the possession or the conthere is plenty of pleasure to be de-rived from the possession or the contemplation of these most brautiful of all gems. And, as I have already said, the paths of history are strewn with reference to the part which the pearl has played in the affairs of man and

We read of pearls-oyster pearls, as We read of pearls—oyster pearls, as they were called—in Chinese records dating back nearly 3000 years, and Persian bistory and Persian poetry abounds in mention of the pearl as a symbol of purity and this association of ideas has persisted until the present day. But it is a curious fact that though we have read so much about construction appears specially designed for diamonds and reads. used by the ancients for the diameter tation of their temples, or for the glorification of their brazen images. What has happened to those thousands of pearls which lay resplendent in the sword hilts of ancient Persian war-During the palmy days of the Roman

empire pearls were greatly esteemed as ornaments by the women of fash ion, though after its downfall they were again chiefly used for the decowere again caterry used for the deco-ration of inanimate objects, and it was not until mediaeval days that they again served the purpose of personal decoration. In England they were not really appreciated for the latter pur-pose until the fourteenth century. Yet throughout every century and in every country, from comparatively early times, we see pearls depicted by con-temporary artists in such of their

In history as well as in fiction, the pearl has probably played more romantic parts than any other variety of gem—perhaps than all other gems added together. It has been loved, caressed, trodden under foot and spurned. Both men and women have sacrificed their lives, their honor and their virtue for the attain century:

Perhaps the most famous pearls preserving the bag, threw away its contents, under the impression that anything that could not be used for useful purposes had no other value. In less scientific days than the pression to heirlooms lodged in the banks and safe deposits of today, or those which In less scientific days than the pres-ent, these "gems of the sea" afforded much food for speculation as to their much food for speculation as to their A fa-now repose in attractive white velvet t they cases behind the jeweler's window. The diamond, owing to its poor intrina mode of origin with more poetry in sic beauty in the uncut state, is a very it than the more correct and generally modern stone compared to the pearl, accepted theory that the pearl is the and is even today inferior to it in ac-

Of late years the modern jeweler has realized in his wisdom that there are certain periods in history wherein beauty of workmanship and design has left its eternal mark on its contemporaneous productions, and never in re-spect of dress, jewel work or furniture, can French taste of the sixteenth, sev

day. But it is a curious fact that though we have read so much about famous pearls which have played great parts in history, there is hardly an authentic instance of any pearl being still in existence which has any an tiquity of its own or made history of any importance. This is partly due to the fact that valuable pearls were nearly always stolen in the brave days of yore, and their unlawful possessors had reason for concealing their historical identity. Pearls seem to gather to themselves the vitality, the life, the electricity and the brilliance of those who make friends of them and wear them constantly on their person in the full, searching light of day and sun. It is difficult to guess what has become of all these pearls which were used by the ancients for the ornamentation of their temples, or for the story of ancient Oriental and Darbaric splender is fully represented in the history of the pearl—the jeweler of today is an artist; let us bepe that the woman who is lucky enough to obtain their exquisite ornaments and designs may possess that innate judgment which is so essential, for the "wearing" of the same. Jewels want dainty framing, and should be worn with discretion, lest the laws of affinity be outraged. Above all should woman avoid the lamentable fancy for piling on masses of miscellaneous and comparatively valueless trinkets in company with really good jewelry. The successful mixing of gems is only given to the few, and the delightful "conceit" of matching gowns and jewels to advantage, all though the ambition of many is exclusively the property of genius.

sively the property of genius. Pearls, on the other hand, have the country, from comparatively early country, from comparative early country, from comparative

### Work to Be Done

Forestry.

By THOMAS TAPPER.

lustrations of reducing all kinds of work to a practical and scientific basis is found in the great number of forestry

schools that offer instruction to young

two to four years, and is divided between lecture work and field work. The lecture work supplies the basis of knowledge that is required to do field work intelligently. The stu-dents of many of the schools, if not of all, go into the woods and apply what they are taught to living trees. Some schools continue the work, with special students, to the point of

granting them the degree of master of forestry.

Such subjects as the following are taken up for study. Field work in forest measurements, forest nursery work, the care and management of timber properties, the science of logging, the equipment and running of the highly developed sawmill. These, and all related subjects, lead to a study of forest preservation; to the passing of forest laws.

For example, the state of Minnescate established in 1911 a forest sasociation. A trained forester was appointed, and the work of the association was turned over to him to direct. The forest laws of the state provide \$75,000 annually for the care and development of the state's timber.

The forest preservation of the United States offers work to a great number of young men who are properly trained for it.

Many states are practically denueded of their timber. It has been out in years past so rapidly, and with so little thought for the future, that the policy of reforestration is being pushed to provide timber, for the years to come. The assistant state forester of Wisconsin, Mr. Frank B. Moody, describes the work in his state: "An acre was cleared off for a nursery with a capacity of about one million seedlings annually." These seedlings are cared for for three or four years, then they are planted for the forest growth.

A great study in conjunction with forest work is that of fire protection. This is, in part, the work assigned to the forest ranger.

The course of study in one forest school will serve to acquaint the young man who is interested in this work with what is demanded. To begin with, the student must have a good general education. The instructive months. During this time the student attends over 500 lectures on technical forestry. After the study is completed the student is sent into the woods and spends six months. In logging, saw-milling and all other work of a practical nature.

Students must be college graduates, or graduates of high schools to be admitted. The work is subject, a large number of books have appe

fact of the pearl being regarded as the poetic symbol of purity, it forms one of the most popular of christening presents or of gifts to the debutante. Tiny girls can possess a small string of pearls, which can be increased in size handful as worthless encumbrances, as the following incident shows:

When the army of Galerius sacked the camp of the routed Persians, a bag of shining leather filled with pearls fell into the hands of a private soldier, but the latter, while carefully preserving the bag, threw away its contents, under the impression that anything that cauld not be a proposed as the most famous pearls in history, after those of Cleopatra, were those belonging to Catherine de Medici and Queen Elizabeth, who, by the way, annexed some valuable ones be longing to Mary Queen of Scots. The latter ill-starred queen possessed some wonderful pear-shaped specimens. What were discontinuously in the latter, while carefully in value as opportunity or the gentlement of friends arises. This is wise for the nearl is the gent that is never out of fashion for a single century, that world historices and secrets could these call noetical and historical interest that anything that cauld not be used for the nearly of the pearls. will never die. It is a fitting accom-naniment to beauty, becoming to youth and age, and it clashes with no color in dress. I know women who regard their pearls with a real and personal affec-

#### HIS ABUSIVE EYES.

Aunt Caroline and the partner of her wees evidently found connubial biles a misnomer for the sounds of war were often heard down in the little cabin in the hollow. Finally the pair were haled into court and the dusky lady entered a charge of abusive language against her snouse. The fudge, who had known them both all his life, endeavored to pour oil on the troubled waters.

"What did he say to you, Caroline?" "Why, ledge, I jes' can't tell you all dat man do say to me," "Does he ever use hard language?" "Does yo' mean cussin'? Yassuh, not wif his mouf but he's slways givin' me dem cussory glances."—Lippincott's Magazine.

A Mother's Care.

A careful mother will not give her hild a medicine without knowing it s pure, contains no opiates, and has bealing and curative qualities. Such a medicine is Foley's Honey and Tar Compound for croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, and all affections of the throat, chest, and lungs. Best and safest for children and grown persons. Contains no opiates. For sale by Schramm-Johnson Drugs, five stores.

When a medicine must be given to young children it should be pleasant to take. Chamberlains Cough Remedy is made from loaf sugar, and the roots used in its preparation give it a flavor similar to maple syrup, making it pleasant to take. It has no superior for colds, croup and whooping cough. For sale by all dealers.

Saves Leg of Boy.

would have to lose his leg, on account of an ugly ulcer, caused by a bad bruise." wrote D. F. Howard, Aquone, N. C. "All remedies and doctors' treatment failed till we tried Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and cured him with one hox." Cures burns, boils akin arne. box." Cures burns, boils, skin erup-tions, piles; 25c at Schramm-Johnson 5 stores.

